Everyday Courage

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Everyday Courage

by MidnightFiccer

Summary

Some post-LTF fluff. Satsuki reminds Mako that there is a difference between fearlessness and courage.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Satsuki looked up from her book as she heard the sound of the front door closing, accompanied by the unmistakable sound of Mako's voice. "I'm hooo-ooome!" she called.

"Welcome home," Satsuki called in reply.

Punctuating each movement with either a sigh or an exhausted groan, Mako swapped shoes for slippers, set down her book bag, and staggered into the living room. With great pathos, she flung herself onto the sofa and bonelessly collapsed, but did so carefully enough that her face landed softly in Satsuki's lap. "'M'trd," she mumbled into the fabric of Satsuki's skirt.

"Rough day?" Satsuki smiled down at the younger girl.

"Cram school is HARD," Mako whined, rolling over so that she could look up into Satsuki's eyes. "I actually have to LEARN things now."

"I'm sorry your education at Honnouji was so lacking," Satsuki smiled, only half in jest, but then she furrowed her brow. "Mako, what are you doing?"

Mako was, as it happened, busily pulling Satsuki's blouse out from the waistband of her skirt, after which she stuffed her entire head underneath it and kissed Satsuki just above the navel. "Enjoying you," she said, simply.

"Are you okay in there?" Satsuki snorted, patting Mako's head through the fabric of her blouse.

"I'm in a warm, soft place, and Satsuki's boobs are here with me," Mako giggled, and her warm breath felt wonderful against Satsuki's skin. "There's only one thing keeping it from being perfect."

"And that is..?"

Mako kissed and snuggled the underside of her breast. "You're wearing a bra."

"My apologies," Satsuki said with a smirk, setting her book down to one side. She then leaned forward slightly, reached around to unclasp the article in question (though it was difficult to reach under her blouse with Mako stretching it out in front), then slipped it off by pulling the straps through one sleeve, then the other.

"See, now, this is heaven, right here," Mako sighed, again nuzzling her face into Satsuki's curves. "You're so good to me. Thank you for spoiling me like this."

"Never forget that you were the one who brought this out in me," Satsuki smiled.

She found herself desperately wishing to stroke Mako's hair, though, so she unfastened the lower four buttons of her blouse, leaving Mako blinking theatrically in the light as it fell to either side around her. "My cave went away!"

"I wanted to pet you," Satsuki chuckled, running her fingers through the unruly brown mop.

“Oh, pets are nice,” Mako sighed again, almost purring with delight. “Pets and boobs and Satsuki’s lap. If Ryuko-chan were home too I’d probably go into a pleasure coma.”

“She can have you when she gets home, then,” Satsuki laughed. Sharing Mako between the two sisters was still a little awkward from time to time, but moments like this made it all worthwhile.

The fact that they had reached this point- where Mako could be so forward and take such liberties with Satsuki, knowing that the older girl would stop her if memory or discomfort overcame her- was still one of the happiest miracles in Satsuki’s life. Mako had been so kind to her in the early stages- always asking permission for each tiny step, and always being so conscious of Satsuki’s inner fragility- and it was wonderful to be at the stage where permission was by and large a given.

Mako reached up clumsily to unfasten Satsuki’s remaining buttons, then pushed herself up slightly to lie the side of her face against Satsuki’s now bare chest. “Can Satsuki teach me how to be brave?” she said suddenly.

“Brave?” Satsuki repeated. “I’d say you’re being plenty brave right now.”

“This kind of bravery is easy,” Mako said with another warm nuzzle.

“I respectfully disagree,” Satsuki smiled, wrapping her arms around Mako and pulling her in closer still. “But what do mean, Mako?”

“Well… school is HARD, and… I want to be able to go to college with you and Ryuko-chan, and make you both proud of me, and make mom and dad proud of me, and…” Mako closed her eyes. “I just wish I was brave like you, Satsuki.”

“And what,” Satsuki asked, “makes you think I’M brave?”

“Are you kidding? Satsuki isn’t afraid of anything! Satsuki is the bravest person I know, along with Ryuko-chan!”

“Ahhh,” Satsuki sighed. “I see where your confusion lies, then.”

“Satsuki?” Mako asked, lifting her head to look into Satsuki’s eyes.

“Let me tell you a secret, Mako,” Satsuki said then, staring back at her lover. “Not being afraid is not the same as being brave. You’re quite right: for most of my life I have trained myself to be fearless. There is little in this world that truly frightens me any longer. In so doing, though, for a long time I made myself dead inside.”

“Satsuki…” Mako repeated, her eyes softening in sympathy.

“After we overthrew the life fibers,” Satsuki went on, closing her eyes at the next memory, “there was a long while that I… while I will not say that I actively sought death, there was certainly a part of me that passively wished for it, because the one purpose I had lived for was gone. Thankfully, that time is behind me now.”

This time Mako said nothing, but simply closed the distance between them and kissed Satsuki gently.

“Meanwhile,” Satsuki went on after they broke, “we have you. I think I can safely say, Mako, that you were afraid of a great many things then.”

“I’ll say,” Mako frowned.

“And yet,” Satsuki smiled, “you continually ANSWERED your fears. How many times did you stand up to Ira, even as terrifying as he can be? How many times did you stay at Ryuko’s side in the heat of battle? How many times did you throw yourself between the two of us, knowing full well how easily you could be killed?”

“I…” Mako whispered, but she could find no other words.

“Then, in one of my darkest hours, when Hououmaru had captured me and bound me within the Academy, when I was truly prepared for death, suddenly you were there beside me, tied up and terrified.”

“I remember…”

“And do you remember what you did next?” Satsuki asked her.

When there was no answer, Satsuki went on. “You fought back. You briefly took control of the monster that was feeding on us, and in that moment, you gave us all hope.” She smiled warmly. “I had always been somewhat intrigued by you, bundle of contradictions that you were, but it was then and there that I realized that I simply HAD to come to know you better, because you, Mako Mankanshoku, were quite simply the bravest person I had ever met in my life.”

Eyes now shining with unshed tears, Mako again whispered Satsuki’s name, then leaned in to kiss her deeply and lovingly.

After a long, warm blur of time, Mako once more sank down to lay her head against Satsuki’s chest. Satsuki smiled at the familiar contact. “As for what you said earlier, about this kind of bravery being easy? Please, never devalue yourself by saying that. It took a courageous soul to lead me out of the dark and bring light to my heart, and for that I will always admire you, my Mako. I will ALWAYS be proud.”

“Satsuki is too kind to me,” Mako whispered against her.

They sat in cozy silence for a long while, and then the door opened again, accompanied this time by the sound of Ryuko’s voice. “I’m home!”

“Welcome home!” Satsuki and Mako called out, though Mako’s voice was somewhat muffled given her current position.

There was a pause, then Ryuko, still in the foyer, snorted with laughter. “Okay, who wants to bet me a thousand yen that Mako already has her face lodged between Satsuki’s tits?”

“No bet!” the two called back in muffled unison.

End Notes

The other night I just opened up a tumblr window and started typing. This was what came out. Hope you enjoyed!

Thanks to Mado, Kaytee and Robert for this one.

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